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## A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

BADEN-BADEN.

We are still in that pretty German watering-place, Baden-Baden, where we resolved to remain for a few days, to enjoy the novelty of the scene. Our inn, in which we had got settled, was not, also, without its peculiar attractions—the Hotel de Russie, a house of immense size, with excellent accommodations, and commanding, from the windows behind, the woody vale of the Oes, with its trimly-kept promenades.

*Apropos* of hotels—I wonder we don't get up houses on the continental plan in England; English travellers seem to like them. With the idea of a large hotel, one always associates a feeling recollection of an enormously long bill, with its undefinable but pungent appendix, in the shape of something for servants; which something is about as much as is paid for the whole affair of living at a German hotel of the first quality. Whether it be owing to the comparatively low price of provisions and drinks, the trifling amount of taxes, the moderateness of the expectations, the general plan of economising means, or to all these circumstances combined, that we have to ascribe the humble charges of the German *gastgeber*, I cannot exactly tell. I rather think that most depends on the simple and wholesale way in which things are managed. Your bedroom is your sitting apartment as well—that is to say, if you wish to sit privately within doors—and it is furnished accordingly. At Baden-Baden, our two sleeping apartments were furnished with much taste. Beautiful muslin curtains fell, tent-fashion, from the ceiling, covering each bed; a round table was provided in the middle of the floor, at which we might eat or write; and the toilet apparatus in a corner was entirely concealed by muslin drapery hanging in festoons from the wall, and bearing a considerable resemblance, exteriorly, to a child's cot. Here, as in other large houses, each floor contained perhaps twenty apartments of this kind, all entering from a spacious central corridor communicating with the grand staircase. But the great peculiarity of these houses consists in the *salle*. I believe there is not a *hof*, or hotel, on the continent without its *salle*. In the smallest village inns you find them, the same as in the largest cities; and all are much alike—a long room, whose entire furniture consists of two rows of rush-bottomed chairs; a single table, of lesser or greater length, kept constantly covered, ready for breakfasts, or any meals that may be demanded, and at which the table-d'hôtes or public dinners invariably take place daily. The only other article visible is a stove of tiled porcelain at one extremity of the apartment, which, during summer, answers as a stand for a bouquet of flowers. No carpet is on the floor; but the walls are painted or papered in an elegant style, and the window drapery consists of festoons of white, or white and crimson calico, intermingled in the first style of upholstery. It would be worth any working upholsterer's while to go and pick up the art of curtain-hanging in these countries, for in that we are far behind. One of the very first things which strikes a stranger's eye on the continent, is the tastefully suspended and decorated curtains—all done, apparently, with the cheapest materials.

In consequence, then, of all the inmates of the house dining together at a set hour, the expense of supplying food must be materially lessened; but a far greater saving is effected by the mode of cooking. I am now quite a convert to the artistic plan of the French cuisine—the plan of making much out of little, or of making a little go far. We think it all right and proper in England to set down a joint of ten pounds of roast beef, besides other dishes, to a company of six

or eight individuals; and the usual consequence is, that the family, if not great wasters, are punished on cold meat, or those horrible things called hashes, for days afterwards. Now, I consider it a great deal more sensible for the French—and you now find French cookery in all continental inns—to dress just so much of every dish as will have the chance of being eaten, leaving nothing worth mentioning for future showing up. The English, however, will learn all this by and by, and when they do, the expense of respectable living among them will be materially lessened.

I know of only one substantial reason why the continental table-d'hôte system could not be expected to succeed very well on this side the channel; and that is the universally spread feeling of aristocracy. Every man of us is afraid of losing caste by mingling with his fellow-mortals, or, at all events, of being some way encroached upon or annoyed by those who are a shade lower in station. This species of terror, it has been observed, haunts the English abroad as well as at home; and though many would be glad to enter into easy conversation with countrymen, they lack the confidence to do so, either from a fear of appearing intrusive, or that habitual shyness which the state of our manners tends to foster. While at Baden-Baden, we had the satisfaction of observing less stiffness of forms than at any place we had previously seen; all, whoever they were, mingling easily and courteously in the general scheme of amusement. The place, indeed, may be said to be laid out altogether for hilarity and recreation.

The serious business of the day—constituting the real or ostensible plea for remaining at the place—is that of drinking the waters, which commences as early as five o'clock every morning, and lasts till seven or eight, after which the fountain-room is comparatively deserted, and during the forenoon, all are off on excursions among the neighbouring hills and valleys, or lounging in or about the Conversation House, a kind of prototype of the *Kursaal* of Wiesbaden. The springs, thirteen in number, rise in the higher part of the town, from nooks and crevices of the rocky knoll which is capped by the New Schloss, and are of a surprising degree of heat. The chief one, called the *Ur-sprung*, or original spring, gushes out at a temperature of 54 degrees Reaumur, or 153½ degrees of our Fahrenheit thermometer, and is therefore too hot to be immediately drunk or bathed in: being conducted from the old Roman vault in which it rises to a fountain-room adjacent, it is there distributed gratuitously to all who are pleased to bring their own drinking vessels, the greater part, however, escaping in pipes to hotels or other quarters of the town beneath. The quantity ejected by the spring is enormous. For two thousand years, which is as far back as any thing is known of the place, there have been thrown up, by the Ur-sprung alone, at the rate of three millions of cubic inches of water every twenty-four hours, and always, night or day, of exactly the same steaming heat and the same taste and composition. According to the analysis of Dr Koelruter, quoted by Granville, a pint of water, weighing 73½ grains, contains 23 3-20ths grains of solid matter, the principal ingredient of which is common sea-salt, there being not less than sixteen grains of that substance present. Next in importance are the sulphate, muriate, and carbonate of lime, which altogether amount to six and a half grains. The remainder consists of a small portion of magnesia and traces of iron, with about half a cubic inch of carbonic acid gas in addition. The taste is any thing but agreeable.

The duties of the day being performed, either by drinking two or three tumblers of the water or by

bathing, plenty of time remains for exhilarating exercise, and for this every accommodation is afforded. The chief scene of resort is within the woody grounds lying on the opposite bank of the small river Oes, to which there is access by two bridges. Here are laid out some charming walks; and, besides houses of refreshment, we find beneath the leafy trees rows of open booths or bazaars, at which are spread out every kind of useful and fancy article that can be required by visitors. The Germans are celebrated for some sorts of jewellery and toys—among other things, cut pebble boxes and cups, any one of which is sold for the tenth part of the sum it would cost in cutting in England. A stone snuff-box, for instance, set in pinchbeck, may be had for something less than sixpence. As we lounged about on the sunny forenoon, criticising the merits of this arboreal fair, one stall in particular attracted the ladies with all the force of a magnet. It was a large table covered promiscuously with rings, brooches, crucifixes, and fifty other brilliant gold-like trinkets, which, pick and choose as you like, were but three kreutzers, or a penny a piece. I think we patronised the keeper to the extent of half a florin, for which a whole toilet of jewellery was carried off.

At the head of the wide avenue of trees containing the bazaars, we arrive at the grand promenade or terrace, the upper side of which is lined with a row of elegant buildings, consisting of the *Maison de Conversation*, or Conversation House, in the centre, with a restaurant or *café* on the right, and on the left a reading-room and theatre. In front, gently sloping towards the lower promenades and the Oes, is a beautiful green lawn, surrounded with rows of chestnut-trees in full leaf; and on the west, beyond the theatre, is the park, a piece of ground on the hillside, laid out in the English style of artificial wilderness and garden. The whole of the promenades and parks are open to the public, and all seem to enjoy them. In the fine forenoons small parties of ladies and gentlemen may be observed sauntering about under the shade of the trees, or resting themselves on the benches provided for the purpose. But after dinner, when the shadows are lengthening across the lawn, the bustle becomes more dense. The gravelled terrace in front of the restaurant is crowded by hundreds of visitors, seated at small tables, sipping coffee or light Rhenish wines, and sending up clouds of smoke from their highly ornamented German pipes. With many more who are seated beneath the lofty portico of the *Maison de Conversation*, or straggling in groups in the promenade, they are likewise enjoying the solacement of sweet sounds, from a band of instrumental music stationed in a temple-like summer-house on the lawn. All is gaiety and sociality, seasoned apparently with that childlike good-humour which marks the German character. Pressing unheeded through the busy throng, we ascend the broad steps of the portico, and enter the grand central hall of the Conversation House.

It is dusk. The lamps have just been lit, and our eyes are dazzled with the blaze of gorgeous chandeliers, reflected from mirrors and gilded columns, and the scarcely less brilliant walls and ceiling. The floor, of smooth hard-wood, is a vast open expanse, on which are promenading persons from nearly all quarters of Europe—the young Frenchman, whose mind takes in but two permanent ideas, the cut of his beard and the shape of his trouser-straps; the tall, light-haired Prussian, distinguished by his yellow mustache and the order at his button-hole; the respectable man and wife, who have come up from Brabant on a pretence of seeking health, and are wondering at finding them-

selves in such a scene; the neatly-dressed English young lady, and her quiet gentlewomanly mamma; the Austrian count, the Russian prince, the Frankfort banker, and so on to the end of the chapter—representatives from all nations, and scarcely two parties speaking the same language or belonging to the same rank in society. High and low, however, Christian and Jew, all mingle together, so far as personal proximity is concerned. "But what are all the people doing or thinking of?"—says some one. I am just coming to that.

Decent, quiet, stay-at-home readers, if they do not know already, must be informed, that about one-half of the several hundreds of personages I am talking of, have come to try and win money by gambling; and the other half, to which section I chose to belong, either to look at them, or sit musingly on one of the sofas which are ranged along the walls for general accommodation. *Aveat*—let us forward and see what is going on within that cluster of gentlemen and ladies at the further extremity of the salle. The old affair, roulette—a gaming-table of a longish shape, covered with green cloth marked and numbered in compartments, and sustaining a dish with its revolving centre and rapidly circling ball. The ball slackens in its course; jerk—it goes into a hollow in the moving centre; two or three thalers are pitched to the fortunate winners by the croupier, and with a small wooden rake he sweeps up every thing else which has been perilled on the throw. Other stakes are planted, some on one number and some on another: the old gentleman on the left chooses to stake a napoleon on the compartment No. 31, while the lady beside him, whose kid-gloved fingers are spasmodically playing with a green net purse, tries two yellow pieces on an open patch near the corner; to make sure, she has pushed them into their place by means of one of the rakes. What anxiety, what intense interest, follows! Whirl—the marble flies round its course; rat, tat, tat—it is trying to make a lodgment in the contrary moving centre; there—it has sunk in one of the hollow compartments! "Trente-un," cries the croupier: six-and-thirty napoleons are counted and shovelled by the ever-ready rake to the fortunate old gentleman; the lady and all the rest of them have lost. Does the old gentleman pocket his prize? No! without moving a muscle of his countenance, he consults a card before him—for he is one of that infatuated class of persons who believe in the doctrine of chances—and he keeps a record of throws by pricking a card with a pin. That card is his *vade mecum*. Having gravely consulted it, he lays the whole thirty-seven pieces on the patch last occupied by the lady, and which wins or loses according to colour, not according to number. This change is dangerous: however, the words "*le jeu est fait*" (the game is made) have been uttered; the ball again whirrs. Wonderful! the old man's colour is the colour of the hollow into which the ball has sunk; he receives a duplication of his venture, or thirty-seven gold pieces. One napoleon has in three minutes been increased to seventy-four napoleons! This is too much, as he thinks, to stake; so he selects a number, and places upon it five pieces. In a twinkling they are gone—his card has been a deceiver. The crowd is getting rather troublesome: let us leave this table and go to another.

Entering by a doorway in the end of the salle, we find ourselves in a room of inferior dimensions, but fitted up with equal splendour. There is the table, with its players, in the centre of the floor. The game here is played with cards. A person sits at one side, and, with all the gravity of a judge, cuts off some half-dozen cards from the parcel in his hand, and throws them out, repeating, at the same time, a few words in French. I never could exactly see through the principle on which the winning or losing proceeded, but it was evidently little better than a sort of odds or evens in the marks on a certain number of cards; and the money staked on the compartments of the table changed masters with the same velocity as if the ball and basin had been in play. From this table we adjourned to a room of similar character behind, the walls of which were highly decorated with festoons of artificial flowers and other ornaments. Here another card-table engrossed a group of busy votaries. Rouleaux of thalers, five-franc pieces, napoleons, sovereigns, and Frederick d'ors, in front of the croupier, shortened and lengthened, and ever without satisfying the desires or curing the folly of the adventurous gamesters. Parties fluctuated from room to room, and table to table, now risking a piece here and now there, but always

with real or assumed indifference. Nothing like boisterous passion is anywhere observable; and the only sounds uttered are by the dealers of the game. I remarked that here, as at Wiesbaden and elsewhere, the language of the tables is French, that being a tongue which all are expected to understand. Perhaps, also, the *entrepreneurs* are French, the law against gambling in Paris having caused them to look out for new haunts. Be this as it may, all the functionaries at Baden-Baden are servants of a headmaster of the concern, who pays to the government 35,000 florins annually, or about three thousand pounds, for permission to keep such an establishment; and besides this sum, he encounters a large outlay in paying salaries and supporting the splendours of the building; nevertheless, his revenue is understood to be enormous.

The amusements of Baden-Baden are not all of this vicious sort. On certain evenings in the week there are theatrical entertainments, in which French and German plays are alternately exhibited. There are also regular balls, at which the gay have an opportunity of fluttering. Balls of a superb order occasionally take place on the evening of Dimanche—an idea of sabbatical observance on that day being entirely unthought of. Before our departure, we observed an affiche on the walls announcing a grand procession and ball to take place on the succeeding Dimanche, for the benefit of the poor. The Grand-Duchess Stephaine is a liberal patroness during the season of these gaieties, as well as of the various concerts which from time to time occur.

For those who seek excitement of a less stimulating and more healthful sort than that which is obtained in the salons of the Conversation House, the environs of Baden-Baden present various means for its enjoyment. A forenoon's ride to the romantic valley of the Mourz offers a pleasing trip; and a loitering walk of less than an hour from the town brings you to a nook in the upper part of the valley of the Oes, where stands the convent of Lichtenenthal. This was one of our favourite walks. Conducted through a shady avenue of oaks, with the rich green meadow and sparkling brook on our left, we at length emerge at the village of Oberbeuren, which, like Baden, boasts the possession of a mineral fountain, and a hotel for the residence of visitors.

It was on a bright and tranquil afternoon that we paid a visit to the convent, which forms the chief establishment in the village. I had seen nunneries before, but they consisted of little more than a house and a chapel; this one, however, resembled the grange of a respectable agriculturist, for, on entering the outer portal, we found ourselves in a spacious square, composed of not only buildings required by the inmates of the institution, but a cow-house, barn, and other useful accommodations. The residence of the nuns is at the inner end of the quadrangle; and close beside it, in the corner on our left, is the public chapel. Not a soul is to be seen, although the day is as fine as ever shone from the heavens; and as there is not a vestige of hindrance, we walk into the hospitably open doors of the place of worship. The interior was more neat than elegant, but excessively clean, and all was as still as the grave. Nobody was present. All was left to the free inspection of the curious, or the performance of devotional exercises by the pious.

The institution claims a high antiquity, and many of its recluses have been of a superior rank in life. At present, they are limited to twenty in number, and are not, by the law of the country, permitted to take vows of seclusion for more than three years at a time. It is mentioned with no small pride, that no nun was ever known, at the end of the specified period, to depart or to refrain from making a formal renewal of her engagement—a circumstance which, from the influences affecting her situation, one might readily expect.

Whatever may be said of the judgment of the nuns of Lichtenenthal, it will be allowed they excel in taste when I mention the elegance with which they have decorated two objects of veneration in their chapel. The main altar at the inner extremity of the building is ornamented with flowers and paintings, but in point of style is entirely eclipsed by two altars abutting out, one on each side. On these there are placed long glass cases, the length of the human form, and in each is observed the rather startling figure of a skeleton, dressed in fancy costume. The skull is left unrobed, but the bones of the neck, back-bone, and ribs, are individually wrapped in white muslin; along each rib is a row of brilliants of different colours. The lower part of the figure, to the depth of the knee, is enveloped in a crimson velvet kilt, embroidered with gold, and also set with various brilliant stones. The leg bones and feet are bound with silk, and likewise highly adorned. The arms are in embroidered crimson velvet, to match the philabeg; and the hands, enveloped in white gloves, have each finger covered with rings to the point. Such was the attire of both skeletons; and each, reclining on its elbow, had an easy, *dégagé* air, as if leaning in a conversable humour with the votaries of its shrine. Who were the saints

whose bones met with this high honour, or whether they were the remains of saints at all, I had no opportunity of learning; and leaving them alone in their glory, we bade them good-bye, and returned on our way to Baden.

#### THE CENSUS.

EXCEPTING the returns from the Scottish parishes in 1755, with a regard to the formation of a benefit fund for the widows of the clergy, no enumeration of any portion of the people of the United Kingdom took place before 1801. Nor was any enumeration of the people of Ireland effected until 1813. These facts speak strongly of the easy-mindedness of our ancestors on all subjects affecting the welfare of the mass of the people; for it now appears as plain as the alphabet itself, that, without a knowledge of the progress of the numbers of the people, and the ratio of births and deaths to the amount of the population, those who would guide and benefit the state must be as much in the dark, and as little able to act with a judicious confidence, as the merchant who never brings his books to a balance, or rather one who does not keep books at all. We of the present generation, however, must not be too boastful; for it is no more than four years since a system was established for registering births, marriages, and deaths, throughout England; and no such thing as yet exists in either Ireland or Scotland. To the United States, we believe, belongs the credit of first establishing the custom of a periodical official census of the inhabitants of a state: it was commenced in that country in 1790.

The first census of England and Scotland took place in 1801; it was conducted by parochial authorities—persons of great respectability, and well paid for their trouble, so that, as far as the machinery for taking it was concerned, there was every reason to expect correct returns. It gave the population of Great Britain, inclusive of the army, navy, and other small extras, at 10,942,646, or, without the army, navy, &c., at 10,472,048, whereof 5,492,354 were females. It is probable that this census somewhat understated the population. The people were new to inquiries of this nature, and, afraid lest it boded an addition to their burdens or some other evil, they are believed in many instances to have avoided giving a full account of their numbers. It is at least, we know, a general impression in Scotland, that the fear of a militia act—a great bugbear of that day—caused many to deceive the enumerators on the side of a diminution of numbers.

The three census of 1811, 1821, and 1831, were conducted in the same manner, and showed a progressive increase of the population. That of 1811 gave, for Great Britain, including army, navy, &c., 12,596,803, being an increase of 15·11 per cent. That of 1821 gave 14,391,631, being an increase of 14·12 per cent. It might well excite surprise that the advance in the last period, one chiefly of peace, was less than that of the preceding decennial period, which was almost entirely a time of war, if we were not aware of the probability of the first census being somewhat under-stated. The census of 1831 gave 16,539,318, being an increase of 14·91 per cent., or a slightly larger increase than in the preceding period. It is to be remarked that the item for army, navy, &c., which in 1811, the heat of the war, was 640,500, had sunk in 1831 to 277,017.

The census of 1841 was conducted in England by the officers of the Registrar-General, with deputies for small districts, and on a similar plan in the other sections of the United Kingdom. It consisted of an enumeration of the individuals who lodged in each house on the night of the 6th of June, with a separate return of persons who spent that night in travelling, and it included only such persons belonging to the army and navy as were on shore within the kingdom at the time. It is probable that, where so many enumerators were necessarily employed, a considerable number would do their duty incorrectly, so that we may fairly conclude that this census, like that of 1801, somewhat understates the actual amount of the population. It is also to be observed, that probably 300,000 men, composing detachments of the army and garrisons abroad, and the crews of our navy and merchant shipping, were expressly omitted. The entire number returned for Great Britain was 18,664,761, being an increase on 1831 of 14·5 per cent.—an advance somewhat less than that of the preceding period.

If we allow for the persons omitted from the last census and for insufficient enumeration, we may say that the population of Great Britain has advanced in the last forty years from about 11 to 19 millions. This is a ratio of increase very much greater than that of any former period of the English annals. From the imperfect means which exist, it is reckoned that the population of England, in 1700, was 5,134,516; and that in 1750 it had advanced to 6,039,684; being at the rate of 17 2-3ds per cent. in fifty years. In 1800, it was, by calculation, 9,187,176, being an increase in that second half century of 52 1-10th per cent. The population of England in 1841 being 14,995,005, it may be expected, following the same ratio of increase as during the last ten years, to reach 17,094,305 in 1850, which will be at the rate of 86 2-3ds per cent. Perhaps, however, the most rigidly accurate mode of exhibiting the rate of increase is to confine our attention to the females, a department of the population of which but a small

portion can be absent on account of the public service abroad. These, it is found, have increased at such a rate that

100,000 in 1801 became, in 1811, 114,311
Ditto, ... 1811 ... 1821, 116,154
Ditto, ... 1821 ... 1831, 115,970
Ditto, ... 1831 ... 1841, 114,206

It thus appears that the rate of increase has slightly declined during the last twenty years, but no more than slightly. The rate of the last ten years is certainly considerable for an old country usually described as already populous. At such a rate, the population would double in fifty-two years and a quarter.\*

The increase of the last ten years is very unequally distributed throughout England. Hereford and Westmorland have advanced only at the rate of, the former 2, the latter  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. Cumberland shows nearly 5, Norfolk rather more than 5, Oxford and Suffolk a little above 6, and Salop and Somerset between 7 and 8, per cent. Generally the agricultural counties have advanced slowly. But when we turn to the commercial and manufacturing counties, we see very different results. Stafford, that hive of busy potters, shows 24 per cent., Lancaster nearly 25. Durham, where mining and commerce go on hand in hand in great activity, has advanced 27; and Monmouth, the great seat of the iron trade, that new limb of British industry, 36 per cent., this last being the largest rate of any of the English counties.

The population of Scotland has not, in the last forty years, proceeded at so rapid a rate as that of England. Our poor northern soil is supposed to have borne rather less than a million at the time of the Union in 1707. It was then a poor country—the whole of the native circulating medium little exceeding eight hundred thousand pounds sterling, a sum considerably below what was lately left to her heirs by one old lady resident in our capital! In 1755, the clergy's returns gave 1,265,000; which, there is reason to believe, was a correct enumeration. In 1801, the census gave 1,599,063. Since then it has advanced, at the respective decennial periods, to 1,805,688—2,093,456—2,365,114—and 2,628,957, the last being the population of June 1841. The rate of increase in the last period is less than that of England, being only 11·1 per cent. There is also this remarkable difference between the results in the two countries, that while every English county has made some advance, though in some, as we have seen, but little, seven of the Scottish counties have gone back, or show a decrease. The nearest thing to a dead stand in the whole island is shown by the quiet pastoral county of Peebles, which has decreased half a per cent.; next in stationariness, if we may make a word for the occasion, is Haddington, which has decreased 1 per cent., or to the amount of 55 persons. Dumbarton, Sutherland, Perth, Kinross, and Argyle, show a decrease varying between 1 and 3·9 per cent. The other agricultural counties have generally increased at a small rate, the only remarkable exception being Wigton, which shows the surprising large increase of 21·5 per cent. In Scotland, as in England, the increase in the manufacturing counties has been very considerable, being in Forfar (which contains the busy town and port of Dundee) 22, Dumbarton 33·3, and Lanark (which contains Glasgow) 34·8 per cent. The population of the last county is now 427,113, or probably half as much as the whole numbers of the kingdom in the reign of Charles II. Glasgow, which in 1801 contained 83,769 inhabitants, now adds to that about 200,000, her population in June 1841 having been 282,134. It is remarkable that this city and New York have alike advanced from two hundred and two to two hundred and eighty thousand during the last ten years. We must, with contemporaries, regard it as "a most extraordinary fact that a city with no peculiar maritime advantages, far inland, and accessible only by water by means of a river at first only navigable by means of small craft, situated in a sterile and barren country, which had not three millions of inhabitants, should thus have been enabled to keep pace with the vast commercial emporium of the United States, fed by immigration from every country in Europe, and boasting of a noble harbour, the gateway to an immense territory, which contains a population of above seventeen millions." Edinburgh, a city containing scarcely any manufactures, shows a very different rate of increase. The county in which it is situated, has advanced from 219,345 in 1831 to 225,623, being under 3 per cent.

It becomes of importance to ascertain if the increase of the numbers of a people be attended by an increase of the general comfort and happiness, or at least by no decline in these respects. This is a point not easily ascertained, for all the tests which the present state of statistical knowledge enable us to apply are more or less fallacious. If we had certain returns of the mortality of 1831, we might arrive at tolerably distinct notions on the subject; but unfortunately our means of judging of the mortality of that year are not very satisfactory. Mr Porter, in his valuable work entitled "The Progress of the Nation," gives 1 in 58 as the annual mortality for England in 1830. It is calculated, upon certain data, to have been for the year ending June 30, 1840, as 1 in 44, which would show an alarming increase, if the mortality for 1830 were

rightly stated. But we can scarcely doubt that the calculations for that year were founded on insufficient data, the registration system not having been then established. As that system is now as nearly as possible perfect, the lapse of a few years will enable us to apply the mortality test with some degree of confidence.

There is meanwhile another test which would seem to speak favourably for the increased comfort of the people. It is generally found that, where poverty increases, there is a greater huddling of the people together, and that, on the contrary, improved circumstances give the inclination as well as means of occupying more house-room. Now, it is found that, while the population of Great Britain has advanced since 1831 at the rate of 14·5 per cent., the number of inhabited houses has increased about one-third more rapidly, showing that the people do now, partially or generally, use more house-room than they did ten years ago. Unless the repeal of the house-duty in 1834 be the entire cause of this change, it may fairly be held as indicative of some improvement of circumstances, if not generally, at least in certain portions of the country. In 1831, there were 5·7 persons to each house in Great Britain; now there are only 5·3. It may be observed, that the extension of house-room has been remarkably unequal throughout the country. In Middlesex, the number of houses has increased *positively less* than the number of the people. The increase of house-room in England has been greatest in the agricultural counties, showing, as far as this test can show, that the agricultural population has been for some years in more favourable circumstances than the manufacturing. A considerably greater increase of houses in comparison with population is shown in Scotland than in England generally. Houses have in Scotland increased in a more than threefold greater ratio than population—a fact speaking volumes for the prudence and economical wisdom of the people. Another remarkable circumstance is, that the counties in which population has made the greatest start, as Lanark, Forfar, and Dumbarton, are found amongst those in which houses have multiplied in the greatest proportion. The inhabited houses of Lanarkshire, in 1831, were 58,745: in 1841, they were 60,531. The inhabited houses of Forfarshire, in 1831, were 19,597: in 1841, they were 36,153. It is at the same time to be remarked, that the special mortality of Glasgow continues as dismal as ever, being, in 1840, as 1 to 30·93 (or nearly 31) of the inhabitants, which is about the average of the last ten years. This is clearly traced to the existence of a vast horde of poor, ill-fed, ill-lodged persons who live in the city—an unfailing focus of pestilence to all around them, and part of the price which Scotland pays for its exemption from a humane and equitable law.

The returns from Ireland have not as yet been published; but the entire amount of the population is known to be 8,205,382. The population, in 1831, was 7,767,401, so that the increase of the ten years has been 437,981, or a little above 5·4 per cent. This is remarkable. The increase of the Irish people from 1821 to 1831 was 965,574, being an increase of 14·19 per cent., nearly the same as the average increase of the people of Great Britain for the last forty years. It thus appears evident that a great change has come over Ireland. We observe that it has been spoken of as a change for the worse. Some have even spoken of it as "a slaughter of human beings." If so, it must be a peculiarly Hibernian kind of slaughter, seeing that the persons assumed to be slaughtered never had existence. Ireland has been manifestly improving in all respects during the last ten years: no one who travelled through the country some years ago, and revisits it now, can doubt the fact, for the symptoms of it are everywhere conspicuous. May not a slackening of the rate of a population's increase be reconciled with the fact of an increase in its wealth and comfort? There is one fact which speaks powerfully to this conclusion. The four provinces of Ireland are of marked varieties of character, the degrees of social advancement and prosperity being obviously in this order—Connaught, Munster, Ulster, Leinster, the last being that which contains the capital. Now, it is a remarkable fact that, from 1821 to 1831, the rate of increase was greatest in the rudest and most barbarous territory, namely, Connaught, being there 21 per cent.—next in Munster, where it was 15 per cent.—next in Ulster, 14·42 per cent.—and least of all in Leinster, namely, 8·66 per cent. Unless we can believe that Leinster was greatly less prosperous between 1821 and 1831 than Connaught, we can scarcely conclude that the slower general increase of the last ten years is a proof of decline in the condition of the kingdom. The fact is, that there are two laws under which a population increases. Above a certain point, an increase of resources tends to an increase of population: below that point, a decrease of resources produces the same effect, there being need for a certain experience of comfort to ensure prudence in marrying. We have no hesitation in pronouncing the retardation of the ratio of increase of population in Ireland a proof of an improvement in both the physical and moral conditions of the people of that country.

For the various reasons which have been adduced, we consider the census of 1841 as affording, upon

the whole, matter of congratulation. There may be notable obstructions to the prosperity of the United Kingdom. There may be partial but most distressing failures of manufacturing and commercial prosperity. There may be apparent, particularly in the metropolis, an intensity of the acquisitive principle vastly disproportioned to the actual comfort enjoyed and the sacrifices made. But notwithstanding partial and temporary conditions, the country would appear in the main to be undergoing a gradual improvement.

#### THE ABSENCE OF LOCAL ATTACHMENTS IN AMERICA.

PURHAPS one of the most striking traits in the American character—especially to such as have been born and bred in one of those old-fashioned countries where "fatherland" is still permitted to rank among the most endearing terms that speak to the human bosom—is an almost universal absence of local partialities, and of fond attachment to the homes of early youth. Feelings of this nature, undoubtedly, may be carried to an extreme, even until they become absolute failings, not to make use of a harsher term; but, after all, they only betray those amiable weaknesses of the human heart which we may lament but dare not censure. The want of local feeling in America is the effect of habit and example, and of the general state of society, rather than any peculiar distinction in the moral constitution of the people: but my object at present is, not to enter into any philosophical disquisition upon this point, but to state a few facts which a long acquaintance with the American character has enabled me to arrive at.

Owing to the vast extent of territory which is annually reclaimed from the rude forests, and consequently becomes the foundation of new towns, villages, and settlements, whereby so many openings are made for individuals engaged in agriculture, trades, and professions, it is not to be wondered at that we find such an unceasing movement among the inhabitants, particularly the young men, both married and single; thousands of whom annually leave their native homes for places they only know by name—situating, probably, at a distance of 1200 or 1500 miles. It is really surprising with what scanty means many embark in these long and wearisome journeys; but still more wonderful to witness the almost entire absence of anxious concern with which such expeditions are entered upon. In my native mountain, I have witnessed partings between members of the same family, for a trifling distance and short space of time, where those endearing affections of the heart that bind kindred and families together have been more deeply and seriously agitated than on occasions where it has been my lot to witness the sons or daughters of some American family taking their departure for some vastly remote part of the country, with scarcely the slightest expectation (*hope* would not be the proper term) or probability of ever meeting again. It certainly is true that much mental agony and suffering, on occasions of this nature, is thus avoided; but the remembrances of parting words, and looks, and tears, are often the "most cherished spots in memory's waste" in the breast of a tender parent or an affectionate child, when the reality has vanished never more to be looked upon.

I recollect once passing a night at the house of a small tavern-keeper in the state of Vermont. In the course of conversation, I discovered that the old man had several children, all of whom had long ago left their paternal roof: one or two were married, and resided at no great distance; but the majority of them had gone in quest of adventures he scarcely knew whither. While we were conversing about the new settlements in the state of Michigan, and the country on and west of the Mississippi, we heard the jingling of sleigh-bells, which betokened the approach of a sleigh; when presently the door opened, and in walked a person apparently somewhat under forty years of age, who, advancing towards the Dutch stove by which we were seated, held out his hand with an easy and familiar expression of countenance, and said—"Father, how be ye? and how be all the folks?"—meaning, as I rightly supposed, the rest of the family. The father, without affecting the least surprise, and without rising from his seat, or taking the trouble to turn his person more than half round towards the stranger, replied, indifferently, "Jabez, be you hearty?" The father and son, as I afterwards learned, had not seen each other, nor held scarcely any communication with each other, by letter or otherwise, for more than a dozen years, although they had parted on perfectly good terms!

Without attempting to describe the dialogue that took place, I will shortly explain what afterwards occurred that I was a witness to. Jabez informed the old man that his wife and three children were in the sleigh without, and wished to know if they could be "accommodated" for the night, as they were on their way to a farm in the eastern part of Maine, or rather in the Disputed Territory, which it seemed Jabez had exchanged for the one he had lately occupied somewhere in the interior of Michigan; and thus had taken advantage of the snow to move his family and a few trifling articles belonging to housekeeping,

\* Facts and Figures, a Periodical Record of Statistics. No. III. London: Henry Hooper. We beg to recommend this work to public attention, as at once useful and cheap.

and had come a few miles out of the direct route to "look in on father's folks." Not a word of kindness or parental affection was uttered by the old man. He told his son that "he guessed he remembered where the shed was;" and gave him to understand that there was no room for his horses in the small stable, but they might, if he wished it, remain for the night in the open shed. When the son left the room, in order to liberate his wife and children from their comfortless and confined seats in the sleigh, where they had been all day exposed to the cold, he again addressed himself to me on some trivial matters connected with politics; and when his daughter-in-law and his grandchildren entered the apartment (neither of whom he had ever seen), he neither arose to welcome them, nor even invited them to warm themselves at the stove. Indeed, it was quite evident to me that he considered it very foolish of his son to have come a few miles out of his way to call upon him, "as he appeared to have no particular business to transact therabouts." I scarcely remember my feelings to have been more outraged than they were on this occasion, and I retired an hour earlier to bed than I otherwise should have done, in order to escape from a scene such as I hoped never to witness again. Had I been Jabez, I should not have remained an hour to experience such treatment from a father I had never offended; but as far as I was able to form an opinion upon the subject, Jabez appeared not to feel that he or his family were treated unkindly.

I could sketch several nearly similar scenes that I witnessed in my peregrinations in various parts of the States; but I will turn to one of a different nature, and one that was far more in unison with my own feelings, and proves that even in America there are exceptions to the almost general rule illustrated by the case of Jabez.

I was travelling with an American friend in a distant part of the country from that in which we both resided, until at length we came to a small, retired, but well-cultivated district, where, pointing to one of the best farms, he informed me that there he had been born and brought up, until he attained his fifteenth year. At the period I allude to he was forty-five, so that he had left the neighbourhood just thirty years before. As we rode along, he said to me, "I should much like to show you a family of my old neighbours—if they are still alive; for they were our near and kind neighbours, and although I used to take great delight in teasing and tormenting them—for there was a bachelor and two maiden sisters in those days, and I am sure none of them ever intended to marry—notwithstanding all my boyish pranks and wayward vagaries, they were ever most kind and indulgent towards me." As we jogged along in sight of the house where his old acquaintances resided, he related some of his mischievous freaks, for which he acknowledged he ought to have been soundly flogged, instead of being fed, and feasted, and kindly treated. On reaching the farm-house, which stood near the roadside, we alighted, at my friend's desire, fastened our horses to the wooden fence, and proceeded on what my friend called an "exploration." The house was but an indifferent one—old, and not in the best repair. My friend remembered, apparently, every thing connected therewith; for he pulled a string that lifted the latch of a door, entered without ceremony, and bade me follow him.

On entering an inner apartment, to which my companion seemed to require no other guide than the recollection of former days, I beheld a rather tall and spare elderly person, dressed in a rusty suit of home-made and home-dyed woollen cloth, seated in one corner of an old-fashioned fire-place. He was engaged in reading aloud a provincial newspaper to his two maiden sisters, one of whom was sitting spinning flax in the opposite corner, while the other appeared engaged in ordinary household affairs. In the absence of all ceremony, my friend advanced towards the brother, and, holding out his hand, said, "How do you do, Nathan, my old and esteemed friend!—I trust I have the pleasure of seeing you still hale, well, and hearty." Nathan, having put aside the newspaper, and having removed his spectacles from his nose, gazed earnestly in the stranger's face for a few seconds, and then, in a tone evidently betraying some surprise, said, "I thank you, I be pretty well—seeing that I'm turned of seventy; but pray, who, may I ask, is it that inquires after my health!" "Don't you know me?" said my companion; "why, Nathan, I took you to be more constant in your attachments to your friends: but look at me again; for I'm sure you must recollect me." The two sisters, I could perceive, were eagerly alive to all that passed, for both their eyes were steadily fixed upon him who had so familiarly addressed their brother Nathan. After the old bachelor had again examined the features as well as the person of my friend, he declared that he had no recollection of him—that he did not remember, indeed, ever to have seen him before. "Not seen me!—not remember Bob Jones! why, Nathan, is it possible you can have forgot me!" Nathan now stared in perfect bewilderment; and at length replied, hesitatingly—"Why, now, if it really be Bob Jones, how *very much* altered you are!" "Nay, Nathan," vociferated both sisters at once, "I wonder you should be so stupid as not to know our old acquaintance; at the very first glance I was sure of it—I could not be mistaken." In my own mind, I was not quite satisfied that the sisters

knew their old acquaintance any better than Nathan, until he had declared himself to be Bob Jones; but I might be wrong; for females undoubtedly are sometimes a little quicker in their apprehensions than members of the male sex. Nathan, therefore, no longer being able to doubt its really being Bob Jones, continued—"Well, now, but how *very much* you are altered since I last saw you—how stout you are grown—and how different altogether you appear; for then, if I recollect right, you were particularly *slim*, and you were altogether quite a different sort of person." By this time he had yielded his hand to his old acquaintance, who shook it long and heartily; the sisters, one after the other, claimed the same acknowledgment of former friendship, and were lavish in their congratulations of my friend's improved appearance during his absence from the G—t Valley. When they had made sundry inquiries concerning the whereabouts he had passed the intervening period since his last visit, and had learned that he had got a wife and family, some of them "women grown," their astonishment appeared complete. But, in the midst of all their anxiety to learn a brief history of their old acquaintance, ever and anon they would attack their brother on the score of his want of discernment, in not, on the instant, recognising his and their old neighbour, Bob Jones. As early as convenient, I was introduced to the aged party in due form; but after the mere ceremony was over, and I had been inducted into Nathan's chair of state, their whole attention was absorbed and centred in my friend and companion. Never did I witness a more genuine outburst of kind feeling than that which the sudden and unexpected reappearance of my friend had called forth from this simple-minded family; and it was a really distressing sight to witness their fruitless attempts to prevail upon him (and me, also, as a matter of course) to pass a day or two with them, or at least the remainder of *that* day, which it was out of our power to do, in consequence of business that peremptorily demanded our presence that same evening, full twenty miles from where we now were. However, we did not take our departure until my companion had assured them that at about the same period of the following year business would again require his presence in that part of the country, and then he would so contrive matters as to be able to spend a day with them at the least. At a previous part of the narrative, it might have been more properly mentioned, that my companion, from having been thirty years ago the *slim* Bob Jones, had become one of the stoutest and fattest Americans I ever met with; "so verily," thought I, with honest old Nathan, "how *very much* altered you must be since Nathan last saw you!"

#### SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

##### OCCULT SCIENCES OF THE ANCIENTS—CONTINUED.

THE amount of knowledge possessed by the ancients in the department of optical science, formed the point last touched upon in the preceding paper on this subject. To their acquaintance with magnifying glasses, it was remarked, many circumstances recorded by historians seem to bear testimony; and many of the marvels which the tricky priests of old are said to have performed, are only explicable, it was further observed, on the supposition of their possessing such instruments as the camera and magic lantern. A number of the ancient feats of ingenuity indicate a knowledge, also, of the elementary principles of hydrostatics. These are so simple, indeed, and so often liable to evolve themselves spontaneously before men's eyes, that acute inquirers can scarcely fail to have picked them up; though, it is always to be remembered, the knowledge of such natural phenomena, accompanied even with the power of turning them practically to account, does not imply the ability to explain them, or describe perfectly their results.

In the case of the glass coffin of the mighty monarch Belus, which Xerxes caused to be opened, a simple hydrostatic phenomenon appears to have produced what was thought a supernatural prodigy. The relics of Belus were found in a quantity of oil, and an inscription denounced "woe to him, who, having opened the coffin, should not fill it full with oil." Xerxes ordered oil to be poured into it, accordingly; but after as many tuns of oil had been expended as a dozen whales might have yielded, the coffin remained still unfilled. Terrible calamities were thereupon prognosticated to Xerxes, though, had he ventured to lift the sacred remains, a syphon under the body might have been found to solve the whole miracle. Again, to show the peculiar favour of Bacchus to his devotees, at his annual feast in one of the towns of Ellis, the priests played off the trick of publicly closing three empty urns, which, on being re-opened, were found filled with wine in a state of fluidity. On this M. Salverte remarks, that "by employing the machine to which the name of Hero's fountain is given, a more striking miracle might have been performed. Water passed into a reservoir under the eyes of the

spectators might have been emitted changed into wine."

It is to be observed that the parties to whom we are here ascribing the probable possession of scientific knowledge, were a peculiar body of men, who were deeply interested in retaining it among themselves. The long, level aqueducts of the Romans show that the generality, at least, of the ancients were ignorant of some of the most prominent principles of hydrostatics.

The extent of the knowledge of the ancients in chemistry and medicine constitutes one of the most important questions in an inquiry of this kind. Half a dozen of the most simple phenomena dependent on chemical affinities, would have enabled a trickster to establish himself in the eyes of these ignorant people as a person of supernatural endowments. For instance, Marcus, the chief of one of the sects which, in the second century, sought to amalgamate the secret initiations of the pagan priesthood with Christianity, is recorded by Epiphanius to have filled with white wine three glasses, and, while he was praying, one cupful became like blood, another purple, and the third sky-blue. How simple all this appears to us—yet what a miracle for the old-world public! What would they have said to a late feat of Professor Beyruss at the court of the Duke of Brunswick? The professor sat down to dinner with the duke and other guests, wearing a dress, apparently, of the ordinary kind suited to the occasion, but which, he told those present, would be changed to a red colour during the repast. Accordingly, without the slightest seeming inconvenience to himself, the professor's garments became of a red colour. The supposed process by which this was effected, is related by Vogel. By pouring lime-water on beet-root, a colourless fluid is got, and cloth, dipped in this and quickly dried, becomes red in a few hours by contact with the air alone. If champagne and other effervescent beverages are sparkling near, the effect is quickened by the carbonic acid gas. What a trick for a Christmas pantomime! Lime-water and beet-root are simple matters, and may have been the means by which a certain trick was practised in the heathen temples. The veil which covered the sacred things was seen sometimes to change from a white to a red hue, and this was held to be a presage of fearful disasters.

The use of strong herbs and medicated beverages appears to have formed an important feature in the occult arts of antiquity, and there is no part of the world where the proper materials do not abundantly exist in the vegetable kingdom. The Cave of Trophonius is a place proverbially famous. Individuals are said to have been there thrown into long slumbers; and this was effected by the employment, in all probability, of medicated herbs. The most common and effective way of employing these was in the shape of a potion; and as the visitors to the cave had their health deeply injured by their stay in it, we may suppose that they were first drugged in this fashion. As to the magical visions which were experienced in the cave, the influence of the imagination, aided by the narcotic drug and the exciting circumstances, with perhaps some practising of the priests upon the senses still partially awake, may readily account for all. The Old Man of the Mountain intoxicated his followers with a preparation of hemp, and such was the effect of their dreamy slumbers—for it is probable they were but slumbers—that nothing could check his assassins in the career of crime which was to lead to an eternal enjoyment of the same bliss. Hemp is yet used for similar purposes in Hindostan. Many other cases might be quoted to show that the magical slumbers, said to have been produced by sorcerers, or by the influence of peculiar places, are referable to the causes named. As to places, the effect may be produced by merely laying down certain drugs in them, or sending abroad their fumes by heat. The seeds of henbane, thus used, have a remarkable effect in causing irritability. A man and his wife, according to a French medical work, lived in harmony at all times excepting one, and that was when they were in the room where they worked. Observing that they felt always sorry, in a short time, for the quarrels that took place there, they set down the room as bewitched. A packet of the seeds of henbane, however, was at length found near the stove, and when it was removed, they quarrelled in that room as little as elsewhere. This case shows that a person sleeping under the full influence of henbane fumes would be greatly affected and excited. Medicated drugs may also be used by applying them to the body, as was done with the old *magical uncions*. Of these poets and romancers have often spoken, and the real and natural effects producible by the use of them are so remarkable, as to account for all that has been said on the subject. We know how powerful tobacco is when simply laid on the skin of a person unaccustomed to its use. The Mexican priests anoint their bodies with a compound formed chiefly of tobacco, when they wish to hold converse with their god; and no doubt, having their minds alive but to one thought and expectation, they may really be impressed with the idea of such intercourse taking place in their narcotic slumbers. The cases where highly imaginative persons, racked with a perpetual wish for the presence of some beloved object, have applied for magical uncions or potions to pretended sorcerers, and in their sleep have imagined themselves transported to the side of

the party, are to be explained in this way. Some of the lofty descriptions of the Arabian tales could come but from a land of opium-dreamers. Many of the confessing witches of Europe, in the sixteenth century, avowed that, by the use of magical unguents, they could be transported at any time to the witches' festivals, and they certainly both used the ointment and believed in its effects. A woman in Florence was accused of witchcraft. She avowed it, and told the magistrate that if he would allow her to go home and use theunction, she should go that night to the festival. She was sent home, where she rubbed herself over the body with fetid drugs, and instantly was seized with sleep. She was tied during the night to the bed, and sharp punctures tried, in order to rouse her. But her sleep was broken with difficulty only on the following day. She then asserted that she had been at the festival, and described a lengthened scene, mixing up with her dream an account of pain endured, and which doubtless resulted from the punctures. Other witches were so confident in similar transports, that they announced their intention to return flying with wings. When they awoke, they declared that they had really done so, and would not listen to the assertions that they had never left their beds. No doubt, they actually believed their own words; one of them was even seen to make movements as if flying. On some persons avowedly belonging to the same class, the philosopher Gassendi made an interesting experiment. He anointed them with an opiate composition, which he told them would carry them to the festival. When they awoke from their consequent slumbers, they declared that they had really been there, and each described a long scene, in which he imagined he had played a part.

Thus, to long study of the uses of drugs, and to their skilful application, on the one hand, and, on the other, to ignorance, boundless credulity, and imaginations roused both by general and special causes, we may fairly ascribe all the effects produced by magicians and priests on their dupes in the way of visions, without resorting to denials of any such things having ever occurred. Natural causes have effects that form the real marvels. It may even be conceived that a magician, who promised to show a real scene of a certain kind, might have the art to persuade his victim that a forcible dream was a reality. In our own times of trained chemists and physicians, we can scarcely estimate the extent of the knowledge of herbs which the old women of the lower ranks formerly possessed; and the same remark partly bears on the ancient priests also, who were in many cases the sole medical practitioners.

As regards meteorology, the skill of the savage and the seaman, unlettered men, in pronouncing on changes of weather, may give an idea of the probable early advances in this science; and skilful and happy meteorological predictions were often made miracles of by the ancients. On this subject M. Salverte ventures a bold conjecture, which, though its correctness may be questioned, must be read by all with interest. To the same review which has afforded us so much of the matter of these two papers, we owe the following version of M. Salverte's remarks. "M. la Boësière," he states, "mentions several medals which appear to have a reference to this subject. One described by M. Duchouy represents the temple of Juno, the goddess of the air: the roof which covers it is armed with pointed rods. Another, described and engraved by Pellerin, bears a figure of Jupiter Elicius; the god appears with the lightning in his hand; beneath is a man guiding a winged stag: but we must observe that the authenticity of this medal is suspected. Finally, other medals cited by Duchouy, in his work on the Religion of the Romans, present the exergue; and bear a fish covered with points placed on a globe or on a patera. M. la Boësière thinks that a fish or a globe, thus armed with points, was the conductor employed by Numa to withdraw from the clouds the electric fire. And comparing the figure of this globe with that of a head covered with erect hair, he gives an ingenious and plausible explanation of the singular dialogue between Numa and Jupiter, related by Valerius Antias, and ridiculed by Arnobius, probably without its being understood by either. The history of the physical attainments of Numa deserves particular examination. At a period when lightning was occasioning continual injury, Numa, instructed by the nymph Egeria, sought a method of appeasing the lightning (*fulmen piare*): that is to say, in a plain style, a way of rendering this meteor less destructive. He succeeded in intoxicating Faunus and Picus, whose names in this place probably denote only the priests of these Etruscan divinities; he learned from them the secret of making, without any danger, the thundering Jupiter descend upon earth, and immediately put it in execution. Since that period Jupiter Elicius, Jupiter who is made to descend, was adored in Rome. Here the veil of the mystery is transparent: to render the lightning less injurious, to make it, without danger, descend from the bosom of the clouds; and the effect and the end are common to the beautiful discovery of Franklin, and to that religious experiment which Numa frequently repeated with success. Tullus Hostilius was less fortunate. 'It is related,' says Livy, 'that this prince, in searching the memoirs left by Numa, found among them some instructions relative to the secret sacrifices offered to Jupiter Elicius. He attempted to repeat them; but in the preparations, or in the celebration, he deviated

from the sacred rite . . . Exposed to the anger of Jupiter, evoked by a defective ceremony, he was struck by the lightning, and burned, together with his palace.' An ancient annalist, quoted by Pliny, expresses himself in a more explicit manner, and justifies the liberty I take in departing from the sense commonly given to the sentences of Livy by his translators. Guided by the books of Numa, Tullus undertook to evoke Jupiter by the aid of the same ceremonies which his predecessors had employed. Having departed from the prescribed rite, he was struck by the lightning and perished. For the words *rites* and *ceremonies*, substitute, as I have proved should be done, the words *physical process*, and we shall perceive that the fate of Tullus was that of Professor Reichman. In 1753, this learned man was killed by the lightning, when repeating too inadvertently the experiments of Franklin."

We trust that these remarks on the probable extent of the occult knowledge possessed by the ancients, will have been found to possess some interest, as conclusive, or nearly so, of the papers on Superstitions. If it be imagined that too large an amount of scientific knowledge has been ascribed to our forefathers, in explanation of recorded miracles and prodigies, we would again call to remembrance the astonishingly accurate lunar observations of the Chaldeans, and the extraordinary grandeur of all those remains which time could not destroy. The objection that a single class could not well confine so much knowledge to their own societies, is refuted by the fact that a nearly similar circumstance really occurred in times of authentic history, and these not distant, in the case of the monks. The loss of acquired knowledge, again, was but too easy where a proper mode of perpetuation neither existed nor was desired by its exclusive possessors. Self-interest buried it under unmeaning forms and mysterious hieroglyphics. We may therefore congratulate our kind on the possession of the press, not only on account of the dissemination of knowledge effected through it, but also for the strength of mind which prevents knowledge from being so far misused as to be instrumental in furthering chicanery and superstition.

#### MEMORABILIA OF TWO LITERARY MEN OF THE LAST CENTURY.

A PLEASANT topographical and antiquarian work, of moderate dimensions, on Camberwell,\* puts us unexpectedly in possession of some additions to the biography of Goldsmith. Camberwell—it is necessary for many of our readers to premise—is a village to the south of London, now nearly involved in the wide-spreading limbs of the ever-growing city. At Peckham, another village near it, is a boarding-school for young gentlemen, which bears the name of GOLDSMITH HOUSE, in honour of the fact that it once had the author of "The Deserted Village" for one of its ushers. Hitherto this portion of Goldsmith's life has been obscure, and misplaced in time: even the labours of Mr Prior does not set it forth clearly or correctly. We shall here present the result of the careful local inquiries of Mr Allport.

It is known that Goldsmith returned from his vagabond travels on the continent early in 1756, when about twenty-seven years of age. His biographers represent him as then setting up as an apothecary in some country town, and afterwards as passing through various employments, amongst others that of an usher at Dr Milner's school at Peckham. Mr Allport ascertains that Dr Milner died in June 1757, and that his son and successor removed from Peckham in May 1759. From the ascertained facts of Goldsmith's life subsequent to his return from the continent, our author considers it extremely improbable that he could have served Dr Milner, or his son, after that period; and this supposition acquires greater force, if we are to believe the statement furnished by Mr Prior, from the memory of Miss Milner, a daughter of the master, that Goldsmith continued about three years in his situation.

"If Goldsmith, then," says our author, "remained for any considerable time at Peckham, it must have been prior to his travels on the continent; and I am happy to have it in my power, through the kindness of a friend, to show that such was unquestionably the fact. It is very probable, however, from the bitter reminiscences awakened with respect to the portion of his time occupied in tuition, that after his tour, Goldsmith may have filled a similar situation in some other school less respectfully conducted than that of Dr Milner. Though in his works he touches on this subject with considerable playfulness, there are such strong expressions and contemptuous insinuations conveyed in these allusions, as could not have been in any way warranted by his experience at Peckham."

"Every trick," says he in one of his essays, "is played upon the usher: the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, furnishes a fund of eternal ridicule: the master now and then cannot avoid joining in the laugh; and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill-usage, seems to live in a state of warfare

\* Collections, Illustrative of the Geology, History, Antiquities, and Associations of Camberwell and the Neighbourhood. By Douglas Allport. Camberwell. 1841.

with all the family." In his *Vicar of Wakefield*, the satire is still more searching.

"Are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little: have you been bred apprentice to the business?" "No."

"Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair?" "No."

"Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox?" "No."

"Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed?" "No."

"Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?" "Yes."

"Then you will by no means do for a school."

In the same work he again heaps contumely on the vocation. "I have been," he says, "usher at a boarding-school myself, and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late; I was browbeaten by my master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad."

Nor does he seem willing to drop the subject, which is again cleverly touched upon in the following ludicrous advertisement, occurring in his *Citizen of the World*:

"WANTED—An usher to an academy.

N.B.—He must be able to read, dress hair, and must have had the small-pox."

It is not precisely known when Goldsmith first came to Peckham, though quite certain, from contemporary memoranda furnished by the kind friend to whom I have alluded, that he was there in 1751, six years earlier than is usually supposed. The probability is, that he succeeded Mr Robinson, Dr Milner's former assistant, who appears to have left about the middle of the preceding year. These manuscript notes are in the handwriting of a gentleman who had two sons under Goldsmith's care at Peckham, and were furnished in reply to my inquiries on the subject, by his granddaughter, the niece of one, and daughter of the other of these pupils. 'My father,' writes this lady, 'went to Dr Milner's school on the 28th January 1750. On the 15th April 1751, his brother also went, and was put under Goldsmith's care, who was very mild, and had a winning way with children, and they learnt from him without much study of books.' Two more brothers were also pupils at Dr Milner's.

As these data were altogether new to me, and contradicted all that I had read upon the subject, I was unwilling to admit their testimony without farther inquiry, which, however, soon satisfied me that there could be no mistake. 'My grandfather,' says the reply, 'kept this short diary, from which I send the dates, &c. His three first children died: then came my father, who was born 13th March 1743-4, and my husband's father (my uncle), born 25th May 1746. The first went to Dr Milner's school on the 28th January 1750-51; the other, the first week after Easter, 15th April 1751. He said, "Mr Oliver Goldsmith was about twenty-three, a heavy, dull-looking man." He was placed under his care. On the 4th July 1754, my good grandfather removed from Peckham to Wokingham, taking his two sons along with him; so that it is quite clear Oliver Goldsmith was at Dr Milner's between the years 1751 and 1754.'

The age of Goldsmith at this period is in strict keeping with those anecdotes which are still extant relative to this portion of his life. According to Prior, he was described by Miss Milner as very good natured, playing tricks somewhat familiar, and occasionally a little coarse, upon the servants and boys, telling very entertaining stories, and beguiling his intervals of leisure with the music of his flute. He seems in fact to have been nothing but an overgrown schoolboy, very kind and playful towards his pupils, and as fond as any of a slice of cake. This Irish elasticity of character, indeed, clung to him in after years, and some amusing anecdotes arising out of it are given by his biographers. Those, however, which relate to his sojourn at Peckham, are but little known. The politeness of a friend, whom I take this opportunity of thanking for the communication, puts me in possession of the following:—

"One of my old Peckham friends was a pupil at Dr Milner's, when Goldsmith was usher there, and, among other things, I remember his telling me that while he was at school, some Hanoverian regiment passing through Peckham, was met by Dr Milner and all his scholars, and amongst the number was my old and highly esteemed friend. At the head of the procession marched Goldsmith, and to give him more consideration and dignity, he was dressed in the doctor's wig and gown, in which costume he presented an address to the commander, and delivered a short speech to him in German, to which the officer replied, but not much to the edification of either party—neither seeming well to understand the other." Another version says, the oration was in Latin, which is the more likely, as Goldsmith, even after his continental tour, was no proficient in the German language. The ludicrous gravity of that people seems, however, to have tickled his fancy, and their 'little decourums of stupidity' are celebrated by him as infinitely amusing.

"Goldsmith, when usher," continues the same kind correspondent, "used to sit in that part of the room which you enter from the left hand, in going in from the little hall at the foot of the stairs: it was subsequently divided by a partition from the back-parlour

looking towards the south, but then it was all one. His desk was placed between the fire-place and the window nearest to it." Tradition, a very treacherous and uncertain guide at best, still points out the favoured corner, with the gratuitous addition, that it was in that nook he wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*, though the "first rude germ" of this work, the history of Miss Stanton, did not make its appearance until more than ten years after we have fixed him here."

To Goldsmith—thoughtless and improvident, and who, notwithstanding large literary gains, died above three thousand pounds in debt—there could not be a greater contrast amongst his contemporaries than what was presented by David Hume. With good birth and connexions, Hume entered life in poverty; yet he was frugal and fond of independence, and hence, though giving himself up to study, he always tended upwards in fortune. In 1747, when he was thirty-seven years of age, he considered himself as possessed of a competency, for, by saving upon his little means, he had realised a thousand pounds. Twenty-two years afterwards, having written history to some purpose, and enjoyed some profitable employments, he had attained what he considered opulence, for he then had a thousand a-year, and such was the income which he enjoyed till the close of his life in 1776.

In his autobiography, Hume alludes in the following brief terms to a particular period of his life:—"In 1745 I received a letter from the Marquis of Annandale, inviting me to come and live with him in England: I found also that the friends and family of that young nobleman were desirous of putting him under my care and direction, for the state of his mind and health required it. I lived with him a twelve-month. My appointments during that time made a considerable accession to my small fortune." Such was the whole amount of the knowledge which we have hitherto possessed respecting Mr Hume's connexion with the Marquis of Annandale.

A small volume just published makes this part of Mr Hume's life no longer obscure. Owing to a dispute about salary, which caused Mr Hume to take legal steps for the recovery of what he thought a right, a number of letters by himself and others, relating to his residence with the marquis, were preserved in the possession of a legal firm in Edinburgh, and have now at length been put into the hands of the public." They throw a curious light on the character of Mr Hume, and may be considered as a very interesting addition to the stock of our biographical literature.

It appears that the Marquis of Annandale was a young man of weak mind, who required a person of good education and agreeable manners to live with him. Having been pleased with some passages in the essays published by Mr Hume, he expressed a wish to have him for his companion. Accordingly, in February 1745, Mr Hume proceeded from Edinburgh to London upon his lordship's invitation, a hundred pounds having been allowed to pay his expenses. On an agreement that he was to receive three hundred a-year, and payment in full for the quarter during which he might leave or be discharged from the marquis's service, he commenced living with his lordship, on the 1st of April, at Weldehall near St Albans.

The marquis's was a clever madness: he is spoken of as writing epigrams and a novel, and being fond of the writings of Fontenelle and Voltaire. He and the young philosopher lived apart from all the rest of the world—a situation which to the latter must have been one of great sacrifice, as he was naturally of a social temper. The chief persons interested in the unfortunate nobleman were his mother the marchioness, a cousin of hers named Captain Vincent (of the navy), and Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall. Vincent, who had a commission from the marquis for the management of his general affairs, came sometimes to Weldehall, and seems to have been, during the first few months, well pleased with Hume. So much was this the case, that in June he made an effort to get a pension of £100 a-year settled by the marquis upon his attendant, of whom, in August, he thus spoke in a letter to Sir James Johnstone: "Mr Hume is almost wholly taken up with our friend [the marquis] personally, so that he can scarce have the resources of amusement, or even of business, which is somewhat hard upon a man of erudition and letters, whom, indeed, I think very deserving and good-natured." Hume, on his part, was so far pleased with his situation, or at least its emoluments and prospects, as to resign the idea of competing for the chair of Moral Philosophy in the Edinburgh University—a resignation, however, which proved to be needless, as in the interim the appointment to the chair was disposed otherwise.

In the course of October, a dispute occurred between Captain Vincent and Mr Hume, in consequence of a wish of the latter to remove to a place nearer London, where society would be more within reach. Thenceforward they were irreconcileable enemies. Mr Hume now saw the character of Vincent in a most unfavourable light; and in a series of letters to Sir James Johnstone, he speaks of his life as being a melancholy and embittered one, though professing a resolution to weather out all difficulties and discouragements as long as possible. Amongst these was a caprice of the marquis himself in favour of absolute solitude, and

which made even the society of one person disagreeable to him. Painfully or otherwise, time passed on; and at the close of March 1746, when Mr Hume had nearly completed a year's attendance, Captain Vincent is found proposing to him that for the future his salary should be only £150. Hume answered by expressing his willingness to refer the matter to the marchioness and Sir James Johnstone. He appears to have been willing to remain on the reduced terms, if better could not be got, although describing his way of living as "more melancholy than ever was submitted to by any human creature who ever had any hopes or pretensions to any thing better," and likewise saying, "if to confinement, solitude, and bad company, be also added these marks of disregard, \* \* \* I shall say nothing but only that books, study, leisure, frugality, and independence, are a great deal better."

A few days more brought his attendance on the marquis to a conclusion. According to Mr Hume's own account, "I never thought myself on better terms with your friend [the marquis], and had a commission to go to London, in order to deliver a certain portrait. I came to him before I set out, and asked him, *S'il n'avais rien d'autre chose à m'ordonner?* [If he had no other orders for me?] He immediately flew into a passion, said I was mocking him, as if he treated me like a servant, and gave me orders or commands; would admit of no explanation, and thenceforward would neither eat, speak, nor converse with me. I never thought he was capable of so steady a caprice." Mr Hume withdrew for a few days, and then came back in hopes that this gust would have spent itself; but the poor madman continued as furious as ever. Mr Hume finally retired from his situation on the 16th. He was by the agreement entitled to the salary of the quarter which had commenced on the 1st; but Vincent demurred to paying it, and offered only £35, upon the ground that it ought to be paid at the rate which he had lately proposed. He thought that, having received £400 already, Mr Hume was well off with £35 for the present broken quarter. Mr Hume stood firm against this degrading proposal, and left the house without receiving the salary of the quarter, and with only a line from Vincent that he was willing to leave the matter to the decision of the marchioness and Sir James Johnstone. Vincent writes three days after to the marchioness that he had had more trouble with the "pride and avarice" of Mr Hume "than in any point concerning my lord." He also relates that the marquis had conceived a strong antipathy to Mr Hume; and had dismissed him in the most contumacious manner, telling him that he was mercenary and interested, and that his claims for pecuniary consideration on account of the professorship were false, as he never had had it in his power to obtain that situation. Mr Hume himself, in a letter written about two months after, says, "I offered to stay out the quarter, and neither he nor V. would allow me, but positively threatened me with violence."

Hume was immediately after engaged as secretary by General St Clair, with whom he left England. The disputed £75, meanwhile, was hung up, although Henry Home gave Sir James Johnstone his clear opinion that it was legally and fairly due. Strange to say, this claim of our philosopher continued unsatisfied for several years, when, having again settled in Scotland, he commenced a law-suit against the Annandale estate for the money, under the direction of Lord Kames. The Earl of Hopetoun, a near relation of the now lunatic marquis, stopped the process by promising to see justice done; but, after all, Mr Hume was obliged in 1760 to renew legal proceedings, and it was not till nearly fifteen years after the debt was incurred, that it was discharged. The claim appears to have been settled extra-judicially or by reference, as the editor of this curious volume has not been able, after a careful search of the Minute-Book of the Court of Session, to find the case arising from it enrolled.

#### THE NEPHEW.—A TALE.

ONE of the thousands of young men who fluttered, some years ago, about the French capital, enjoying its gaieties as if existence had no other fitting occupation, was Alfred de Marsan. He was a youth who had nothing in the world, and yet knew no wants. He was an orphan, solely dependent on an old and wealthy uncle for subsistence, and for prospects of subsistence. This relative was of very peculiar habits, and scarcely ever permitted his nephew to approach him, yet he duly and regularly honoured the young man's drafts upon his purse. To say the truth, Alfred was not exorbitant in this respect, for, though gay and fond of pleasure like others of his age, he was neither profligate nor expensive in his tastes. Accordingly, the two relatives got on very well together—the one thankful that he was not harassed by any marked vices or gross exactions on the part of his nephew, and the latter so well contented with his condition, as actually to present to the world the rare spectacle of a young heir wishing that the possessor of a hoard of expected wealth might long live to enjoy it in person.

Suddenly, however, this comfortable state of things was menaced with a close. Alfred heard that his uncle was about to be married. At first, the young man thought the rumour absurd, but it spread and gained strength by degrees, until at length he learnt from indubitable authority that the affair was really

settled, and that the lady of his uncle's choice was a young girl of seventeen, by name Mademoiselle des Halliers. She was said to be beautiful, but to possess no fortune; and her mother, a widow of a managing disposition, received the credit of having arranged the match.

Easy as Alfred was in disposition, this affair threw him into no slight alarm. He had been bred by his uncle to no profession, and the condition into which he would be thrown by losing his prospective heritage, possessed but few charms on contemplation. Had the old man been likely to secure happiness to himself by the proposed step, perhaps Alfred, who really loved his uncle, would not have deemed it right to interfere; but a marriage betwixt an aged and gouty cripple, and a girl of seventeen, did not promise much happiness to either party. Accordingly, after due meditation, Alfred resolved to step in, and do his best to ward off the threatened calamity. He wrote to the young lady, Mademoiselle des Halliers, and, within a few days afterwards, called at her house, and inquired for her mother. Madame des Halliers appeared before him, a woman of forty, with all the marks of shrewd, sharp widowhood about her. Alfred saw at a glance, he thought, the character he had to deal with, and he therefore opened up the business in a very pointed manner. "Madam," said he, "I have come to you respecting the *affair* you have now in hand with the Chevalier de Marsan. I am his nephew." "Affair!" answered the lady, somewhat disconcerted; "I—I do not know what affair you allude." "Pardon me, madam, you *have* an affair with my uncle, in which I am deeply interested—to the extent, indeed, of my all." "I do not conceive, sir," said the lady, "that a nephew has any just right"—"Permit me, madam," interrupted Alfred, "to say that I come here not to reproach or reprimand. I only beg you to hear my statement on the subject with patience. I am the natural heir of my uncle, and I know that, though he has always chosen to be alone, he also loves me." "We should always have pleasure in maintaining that feeling," said the lady here. "Madam," continued Alfred, "if your daughter marries my uncle, such a thing could scarcely be, without injuring herself. My uncle is long past the age when he could be loved for himself. You know that his money is the object of this sacrifice of your daughter." "Sir," said Madame des Halliers, "I beg you to understand that my daughter has all the sentiments for your uncle which she ought to have." "Madam, I shall prove the contrary. Permit me in the mean time to say, however, that I and all my uncle's friends will join in an attempt to prevent this union. We may possibly be successful. Whether we are or not, I know that my uncle even now means to leave me a third part of his fortune. Two-thirds only could fall to you, therefore, in any case, and there is a chance that none may come. In these circumstances, I have a proposal to make. I wrote to your daughter, before I interfered at all, and she candidly answered, that death seemed to her little less terrible than this marriage. I have learnt, though I never had the honour of seeing her, that she is beautiful, as she is virtuous and sweet tempered. I myself am young, with a hand and heart free. Mademoiselle des Halliers gave no reply to my second letter, which contained a proposal that, for the good of both parties, she should give her hand to me in place of my uncle. To you I now repeat the proposal!" "Give her hand to you!" cried Madame des Halliers. "Why not, madam," said Alfred, "with the heritage of my uncle along with me! I do not presume to blame what you have done, for you doubtless believe money essential to your daughter's happiness; but you are conscious, madam, that it is not my uncle, but you, who have led on this proposal of his. You, also, can break up the matter again, and you alone. Read your daughter's letter, madam, and see the sentiments which she has frankly avowed to a stranger. You cannot, will not, refuse my proposal."

Madame des Halliers took her daughter's letter, and, having read it, fell back in her chair in a reverie. She was, we need scarcely tell our readers, a woman not necessarily of bad feelings, because she had acted as related. Her conduct was only that pursued by mothers every day, through an impression of the all-importance of wealth. Madame des Halliers evidently was moved by the letter. Her feelings were apparent to Alfred, and he saw that her prudence only warned her of the possibility of his playing false to his promise after gaining his own ends. Observing that she was not a person of refined delicacy, Alfred, after a little reflection, said, "Madam, I am conscious that, since I ask you to give up for your daughter a fortune which my uncle's generosity would assure to her if she wedded him, it is but fitting that some security should bind me to the fulfilment of my part of the compact. If, therefore, I fail to claim the honour of your daughter's hand, within a decent interval after my succession to my uncle's inheritance, I bind myself to yield up the half of it in compensation. He is understood to be worth eight hundred thousand francs. The half of the sum shall be yours." Alfred then sat down and wrote a personal obligation for the proposed sum. He handed it to the lady, saying, "This is an affair in which secrecy is too much to be desired, to permit of witnesses being sought to add force to the obligation. But, believe me, madam, that without any such security, you may safely trust to my honour in this agreement." His manner assured and capti-

\* Letters of David Hume, and Extracts from Letters referring to him. Edited by Thomas Murray, LL.D. Edinburgh: Blackie, 1841.

vated the widow, and they parted with the full understanding that she was immediately to undo her finely drawn net, and break up the match with the old chevalier. She had no doubt of being able to effect this without even offending him.

Madame des Halliers, however, was saved her labour. On that very night, the old Chevalier de Marsan was attacked with gout in the stomach, which carried him off ere morning. He died intestate, and Alfred was sole heir.

After this event, the young man, to avoid gaieties which his heart forbade him then to indulge in, resolved to travel. He passed through France, embarked at Marseilles, visited Italy and its capitals, and, finally, returned to France. Summoned by a pressing invitation to partake of the pleasures of the chase, Alfred did not immediately go to Paris, but directed his course to a chateau, distant about ten leagues from it. The owner of the place was an old friend, newly married to a young and lovely woman. But, in the person of another young lady, who was resident at the chateau as a visitor and companion to his mistress, Alfred beheld what he thought a far more lovely object. Mademoiselle Durmer, in short, caught our young hero's fancy and affections for the first time in his life. Her father, he was told, had been in the army, and she could boast of no fortune. What of that! Our hero had enough, and he therefore gave himself up unreservedly to the pleasure of enjoying Mademoiselle Durmer's society, forgetting dogs, guns, chase, and the like, and bearing patiently all ridicule on the subject. But his mistress scarcely ever left the side of her friend. When a chance did occur of finding her alone, Alfred was so deeply enamoured, that he at once broke out into a warm declaration of his passion. The young lady received it confusedly, took leave of him with haste, murmuring something very unintelligible about the necessary presence of her friend. In the evening, the mistress of the mansion took Alfred gravely aside, and questioned him on the subject of his declaration. "I love her—deeply, I confess," said he, "and would be happy in possessing her hand." "Eliza is poor," said the lady. "I am rich," replied the gentleman. "These disproportionate matches bring repentance," continued the lady. "In my case, such a thing never can happen," cried Alfred; "but, oh! madam, do you think I am so fortunate as to be regarded with a favourable eye by Mademoiselle Durmer?" "Why?" said the lady, "I think I may say that you are so."

Alfred retired to his chamber, on that night, a happy man. His joy, however, fled in part with the morning. A letter then came to him, and the writer was Madame des Halliers, who reminded him of his engagements with her. His mourning, as she said, being now over, it was time that he should fulfil his obligation to wed her daughter, or pay the four hundred thousand francs. Had Alfred not remembered this affair? it may be asked. He had not altogether forgotten it, certainly, but he had been in hopes, that, as Mademoiselle des Halliers could never have wedded his uncle as the case turned out, and had lost nothing, no claim would have been made upon him. Madame des Halliers had not been called upon to fulfil her part of the obligation; could she, then, claim fulfilment from him? The long interval which had elapsed since his uncle's death had made him almost treat the thing as forgotten, and himself forget it. And, besides, the old chevalier had only left five hundred thousand francs, in place of the expected eight. To take away four, would leave but a small residue. Greatly annoyed, Alfred called in the master of the chateau to counsel, and told him all. "This is a serious and troublesome affair," said the friend, gravely; "I am afraid Madame des Halliers is right, both in equity and law. She would have executed her part of this strange compact had she been allowed; and she has your obligation. I advise you, sincerely, to go and marry Mademoiselle des Halliers."

"Never, never!" cried Alfred.

"I see not that you can do otherwise, without sacrificing your fortune. Besides, though I do not know the young lady, I think report spoke highly of her, when the rumour went about respecting her marriage with your uncle. You have but one rational course to pursue, Alfred. Go to Paris, and follow it." "Go to Paris I must," said the young man; "but for the rest—never, never."

Alfred showed the strength of his resolves by seeking an interview, ere he left, with Mademoiselle Durmer, and he had the pleasure of hearing a sweet return of love murmured from her lips. He then started. For the first two days of his stay in Paris, he did nothing but hold secret consultations with advocate after advocate. All counselled him to wed, else he must pay. It was with a sorrowful heart that he at length went to Madame des Halliers. "Ah!" cried the lady, gaily; "my son-in-law! Well, when shall we have the marriage?" "Alas, madam," said Alfred, "I should grieve to be an obstacle in the way of your daughter's happiness. You know, madam, that circumstances subverted all our plans." "Sir," said the lady, "circumstances left you in life, and my daughter with an obligation on your part to pay a certain sum if you declined her hand." "Ah!" said Alfred, "when I wrote that engagement I was not in love." "And you are so now?" "Distractedly, madam." "Excellent temper to be married in," said Madame des Halliers. "But, alas! it is not with your daughter," answered Alfred; "her I cannot

marry." "Then this obligation in my hand—Bah! sir, see my daughter; what! pay such a sum to avoid wedding one of the prettiest girls of Paris!" "Spare us the embarrassment of meeting, madam," said Alfred, "since the chief consolation which I shall have in losing so large a fortune, is, that I am so enabled to prove the depth of my love for another."

At this moment a door of the room opened, and a young lady burst in, who, seizing the obligation in Madame des Halliers' hand, tore it to pieces. Alfred gazed on the entrant with amazement. He saw before him Mademoiselle Durmer. "Eliza!" cried he. "Yes, dear Alfred," said she, blushing as she used the word of endearment, yet smiling in his face; "Eliza Durmer is Eliza des Halliers." "Explain to me," cried the delighted Alfred; "explain to me." "I shall leave you to your explanation," said Madame des Halliers, "and I think it will be a pleasing one." Alfred shook the hand of the widow warmly as she left the room. "I was the school-friend," said the daughter, "of the lady at whose chateau you lately left me. My friend knew of your strange agreement with my mother. She also knew of my strong repugnance either to rob you of your fortune, or force you into a marriage that might be displeasing to you; and this the more because great doubt might be entertained whether the compact retained any validity. You were invited to the chateau just after I arrived, and I obtained my friend's permission to meet you under my mother's name. The result has been—"

"My happiness!" exclaimed Alfred warmly.  
"And mine!" said the young lady in softer tones.

#### LONDON CONVEYANCES AND THEIR CONDUCTORS.

AMONG all the wonders and conveniences of London, none are more striking and amusing than the conveyances and their conductors. A stranger, in inquiring his way to the Abbey, for instance, is answered—"Abbey, sir?—west end—five miles off—keep straight west, sir." Well, this to a poor fellow fagged with toiling among unknown streets, and quays, and alleys, is wearisome enough; but just as he is consigning himself to despair, looking woefully about, he sees an omnibus dash up, and the end, evidently aware of his wants, with forefinger extended in inimitable interrogation, cries—"Abbey, sir?" It is no matter whether you want to go; the moment a whim enters your mind to visit any part of the metropolis, an omnibus, patent safety-coach, or cab, is instantly at your elbow to convey you thither. A cabman, in fact, never thinks of saying "No" to a fare. By way of trying how far this was the case, I went briskly up to one, who, with a "ventilation-gossamer" cocked on his head, so as in a great measure to conceal the absence of one of his optics, sat sunning himself on the seat of his vehicle. "Drive me to Jericho," said I, pointing westward. "Yes, sir," said he, pulling back the apron of his cab with great dispatch, for two or three *conducteurs* of other cabs had already elevated their forefingers, and pressed forward to catch the fare. After he had driven a hundred yards along Ludgate Street—"Vere did you say, sir?" "Jericho," replied I. The cabman gave a cut to his horse, clapped his hat more closely over his departed visual organ, shuffled about in his seat, and gave other signs of uneasiness, but evidently did not like to confess his ignorance. "Never mind," said I, satisfied with having proved my position; "Charing-Cross will do." "Cha'ing-Coss, sir!—yes, sir," said the cabman, with another lash to his beast, and plainly very much relieved.

Colonel Crockett was in the habit, according to his own account, of killing the racoons by grinning at them; and, by this its fierce fascination, brought the poor animals down at once from the branches. A decently dressed person in London possesses a power of a similar description; for, even without grinning or any gesticulation, but merely by stopping a moment near the Abbey, Charing-Cross, or the Bank, and looking steadily at the conveyances, he will at once bring down three or four men, who will shove back the aprons of their vehicles, while as many cabs of omnibuses elevate their forefingers, and utter divers unintelligible sounds—such as, "Cha'ing-Coss! Cha'ing-Coss!" "Bank! Bank!" "Elephant and Castle!" "Grich! Woo'ich! Gr'ich!" (*i.e.* Greenwich, Woolwich, &c.). Certainly the dexterity and penetration of the London omnibus cads are almost supernatural. I have watched a fellow from Charing-Cross to the George, near Ratcliffe Highway, and have never ceased being amused with his conduct. He keeps in his mind the places where ten or twelve passengers are to be set down, rarely making a mistake or forgetting the proper place; has a flying joke with his brothers of the road, as they occasionally pass; hums a stave of "Black-Eyed Susan," or the "Dog's Meat Man," which he ever and anon interrupts to hail a passenger—with arm extended, forefinger elevated, and look of indescribable inquiry—a human note of interrogation; and having housed his fare, bawls "a' right," hops up to his perch, swings himself round with his back to

the vehicle, so as better to mark the passers-by, and takes up his stave where he left it off. All this is done in a few seconds; and I have seen three or four people let out of, and as many get into, an omnibus, in less time than it takes a single passenger to take a place in our country coaches.

Civil fellows, and sly withal, quick as "a flash of greased lightning," and all more or less dry jokers, are the cads, so long as spoken fair; but once put them out of humour, and let them have a moment's time, and more genuine blackguardism and ferocity than they can exhibit it is impossible to behold.

The good old hackney-coach is by no means so common in the streets of London as it was ten years ago, the place of many of them being usurped by a crowd of clumsy, outlandish, but withal convenient vehicles, called "cabs," "double cabs," "Ansoms," and other "patent safeties," calculated to hold two persons, which last are of divers shapes. Some look like a hackney-coach cut in two, crosswise, a passenger sitting on each side—the conductor being on the front; others have the seat of the driver elevated behind the body of the vehicle, the reins going over a rail on the roof. These are strange, dangerous-looking conveyances, but being hung very low between the springs, are in reality safe. The omnibuses are well horsed, as they need to be—dragging sometimes twenty passengers and a cab for eight miles; the cabs, &c., very indifferently—great numbers of well-bred hackneys, hunters, and Hyde-Park prancers, which have fallen into decayed circumstances, closing their career in this unavoidable occupation. They are, generally speaking, three parts bred, very much blown in the legs, and high in bone, but still retaining a great portion of the smartness and vice which, in horses as in men, frequently result from reduced circumstances; or, I should say, in order to be precise, which is generally displayed by your idle buck when he comes down in the world. Every thing in London that can, must go; and I should imagine the Londoners "get along" as fast as any Yankee could desire. Butchers, bakers, blacking-men, cabs, coaches, omnibuses, gigs, and cabriolets, with little "tigers" (as a footboy in top-boots and surtouf, who stands behind, is called), all dash along as fast as possible; and it is wonderful how few accidents occur, considering the crowds of vehicles, and the speed at which they go. Both horses and drivers have acquired an extraordinary tact; and you will see a regular London cab-horse relax his pace the moment that he sees he will not be able to have time to get through between two approaching carriages. They display quite as much reflection as is exhibited in an old greyhound, who cuts across at an angle in order to take a hare—one of those instances which have been adduced in proof of the lower animals possessing something higher than mere instinct.

As there are almost no elevations in the London streets, the horses generally go without breeching, and the harness, upon the whole, is lighter than in the north. But I was disappointed in the mail and other coaches, of whose elegance I had heard so much. You seldom meet a handsome gig and horse in London. Occasionally, however, you do see a *stanhope* or *tilbury* smarter than any thing in the country. The cabriolets are very light and handsome. One horse, and that seldom of much power, runs away with them quite freely; and in a level country, or in streets without banks, like those of London, they are, I think, the best kind of conveyances for persons who have to call at many places—as medical men, &c. Lighter and less vulgar than the "one-horse shay," they are equally comfortable, and the tiger behind is both useful and smart-looking. The pony barouches, however, are by far the most elegant little equipages I see here; and nothing can be more beautiful and stylish than a pair of thorough-bred Arab-looking horses, about fifteen hands in height—light head-gear, without blinkers; a strap instead of the clumsy saddle, and a broad belt across the chest instead of our heavy collar; no breeching nor crupper—gliding along in a straight, smooth, hackney trot, with one of these noiseless aerial-looking vehicles. Place a well-dressed lovely English girl in one of these, and behold one of the most charming objects in the universe!

The draught-horses in London are the finest in the world, always in high condition, docile, and spirited. Their harness is universally excellent, much decorated with brass ornaments, and kept as clean as the trappings of a gentleman's carriage-horses. Nothing can present a greater contrast to them than the heavy masses of dislocation which drag the wretched carts in Normandy; nor can any thing be more dissimilar from the handsome English harness than the huge clumsy filthy collar, covered with dirty sheepskin, the rope traces attached to the collar by a piece of stick being passed through a loop which has been previously run through a ring on this clumsy gear—the dirty bridle, and rusty bit and curb, &c. In the French diligences the horses do not receive so much dressing as those of our north-country farmers; their manes, tails, and fetlocks, are all rough and undressed; their sides and shoulders scarred with the villainous ropes, and their whole appearance heavy and inanimate. It is truly ridiculous to see a Norman postilion whacking and banging at six huge brutes lugging along a nondescript vehicle, like three single carriages rolled into one, smacking his great whip, and jerking his filthy reins, until all his steeds are jostling against each other, each in a gallop peculiar to himself, and to hear his whooping, and mark his grimaces, while all

the time the vehicle is going at a pace which a London cabman would distance in a hundred yards. Yet there is something pleasing enough in all this rhodomontade; and, notwithstanding the dirty harness and unworkman-like style in which the postillions drive their cattle, something imposing is, à la Française, produced partly by the hugeness of the vehicle, and partly by the tremendous valley of cracks which the postillion discharges harmless from his whip, as he rattles along a badly-paved French street. There seems to be scarcely such a thing as vulgar and ferocious insolence among the French postillions, or indeed among any class of them; and there is a good nature in their expostulations, long after an English coachman would have had his coat off and given it to you right and left. English horses and harness are now becoming common in France, and doubtless will soon become universal. This, however, en passant—to return to London.

The wherries and watermen are quite as worthy of notice and admiration as the coaches and cabmen, and are as excellently adapted to their vocation on the water as the others are in the city streets. Yet, though engaged so much in similar occupations—carrying goods and passengers from place to place, depending as much on casual employment, and exposed to the same temptations as to extortion and tipping—no classes of men can present a greater contrast than the watermen and coachmen of London. The humour of the former is of a different kind, and smacks of the sea; they are not so subtle, though quite as vivacious in their replies; their morals are, I believe, of a superior order; and their very language is not the same as that of those of the land-carriages. Captain Marryat in his works, especially in his *Jacob Faithful*, has accumulated a vast number of their best sayings and odd stories, and has caught, with inimitable precision, the general tone of their conduct and conversation. The boats, especially above London Bridge, where there is less danger than in the crowded parts of the river below, are light and handsome, built of seasoned oak, and lie low in the water, over which they shoot with great rapidity compared to any other boats I have seen. They are not, however, very safe; and I think a little more of elegance might with advantage be sacrificed to safety. The watermen are a fine class of men, and very different from many who ply elsewhere, these being generally old and disabled seamen. A regularly incorporated company, the watermen guard the admission to their society by an apprenticeship of seven years, yet the occupation is overstocked. "Yours must be a thriving trade," I said to a waterman who was carrying me to the Boulogne steamer, "when fine young fellows can be found to serve seven years in order to be permitted to follow it, while America and New Holland are crying out for men, and offering them all they can want."

"Why, ay, sir, our trade's like a mouse-trap—it's easy enough to get in, but nothing but starvation inside. It's like every thing else in this country, sir—too many mouths and too little bread; and unless government will send us to Botany, or some of those fine places, I don't know what'll come of one-half of us. We wants, I think, a good hot war, sir; and then, what with them that's killed, and them that's got ockipation, there'll be something for them that's left." And such is the philosophy, diabolically stupid as it is, of the great majority of our working population, especially of those engaged in a seafaring life. "A bloody war and a sickly season" is the wish of the most of our poor, ignorant, but gallant sailors. Nor is it wonderful that those who know so little of the objects and intentions of life, should be willing to destroy it so recklessly.

The small wherries, in which races are contested, never weigh more than sixty pounds, oars included; and, impelled by an active muscular arm, they perfectly fly over (scarcely through) the stream. I saw the other day a race among some young men for a coat and badge; and the light beautiful vessels, skimming along the surface of the river, each rowed by a fine young man, naked to the waist, and straining every nerve and muscle, presented a manly and noble spectacle. The distance rowed is, however, generally too far, and instances sometimes occur of the winner of a wherry race being killed by his violent exertions. Boating is very much in fashion among the Londoners, and the inhabitants of the valley of the Thames for a great distance up; and this amusement furnishes an outlet for the youthful—what shall I call it?—excitability, enthusiasm, ardour, or what you please, which conduces much to the health of the population, and which would probably otherwise find some less innocent avenue of escape.

## AN OLD MAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS ASS.

(From "Attempts in Verse, by John Jones, an old Servant," edited by Robert Southey, Poet-Laureate. The incident which led to the writing of the Address, was noticed as follows in the *Sun* newspaper of April 1829:—"An old man died last week at Langport, near Lewes, upwards of eighty years old. He had resided on the family estate of the Tourles nearly fifty years, one of whom bequeathed him an annual income, which he had regularly enjoyed; and from the present head of the family he had received very beneficial attention. On his deathbed he desired that his old donkey, which he had daily strode for forty-five years, should be killed and buried by his side. His general avocation was to look after the rabbits, and the youngsters of several generations have been awed by the call of 'Here comes old Mawley!' when they were employed in bird-nesting on the race-hill.")

TOGETHER we have borne the blast  
For five-and-forty winters past,  
But we are now both waning fast,

My poor old Ass.

Our sun is sinking in the west,  
By night's dark shades we're closely prest,  
And soon shall reach our home of rest,

My faithful Ass.

A faithful friend thou'st been to me  
As ever beast to man could be,  
And grateful is my heart to thee,

My good old Ass.

In many a long and daily round  
O'er rugged ways and miry ground,  
On thee I've ease and comfort found,

My steady Ass.

We've met the storm's tremendous ire,  
The thunder's crash and lightning's fire,  
And never wouldst thou fear or tire,

My patient Ass.

Through rain, and hail, and drifting snow,  
And winds as keen as Heaven could blow,  
Thy willing nature bade thee go,

My gentle Ass.

O'er every rough and slippery road,  
With patient care thou'st firmly strode,  
And saved, more than thyself, thy load,

My worthy Ass.

And in thy long-spent youthful day,  
The sprightly pranks thou'st wont to play,  
Drew from love's sun a tender ray,

My merry Ass.

More strong it grew from year to year,  
Till time and worth hath made thee dear;  
Oft o'er thee now I shed a tear,

My poor old Ass.

And can I go when life shall end,  
And leave so good and kind a friend,  
In cold neglect thy days to spend,

My hapless Ass?

Unhoused by night, by day unfed,  
In lonely lanes in mirr to tread,  
With not to shelter thee a shed,

My suffering Ass?

How would the ruthless youngsters stride  
They bare back-bones and gaud thy side,  
And chequer with long stripes thy hide,  
Unhappy Ass!

And thou wouldst then a visit pay  
To where thou'dst known a better day,  
And thence be rudely chased away,  
My injured Ass.

And to be chasten'd like a thief  
Whence hope had led thee for relief,  
Would break thy poor old heart with grief,  
My honest Ass.

And from the door shouldst slowly creep,  
And in some quadrigmire dank and deep  
Thou'dst sink, and take thy long night's sleep,  
My weary Ass.

And must thy doom be so severe?  
Oh, no! the thought awakes a tear,  
I cannot go and leave thee here,

My faithful Ass.

The reckless may the thought deride,  
The wise, perchance, may gently chide;  
But we will moulder side by side,  
My loving Ass.

I'll will, that, at my latest sigh,  
Thou, too, some easy death shall die,  
And in one grave we both will lie,

My own old Ass.

We, in thy youth, associates were,  
We've lived as undivided pair,  
And so to earth we'll go, and there,  
My kind old Ass.

One stone shall cover thou and me;  
And where we lie the world may see,  
For this our epitaph shall be,

My friend and Ass:

EPITAPH.  
Oh! stay, a moment here expend,  
For here, where thou shalt soon extend,  
Lie I, old Mawley, and my friend,  
My faithful Ass.

Hast thou a friend as good as mine,  
And gratitude was never thine?  
Oh! blush thou, then, before its shrine,

For shame, and pass.

## A LEGEND OF NORMANDY.

[From Shoberl's "Excursions in Normandy," lately published.]

Do you see yon tree overtopping all the others on the hill above Honfleur? One of its branches is so bent that it seems to turn back almost to the stem, while another, extended, points to the distance, and its foliage has some resemblance to a large head, with a sailor's broad-brimmed hat upon it. This is the Bonhomme de Tatouville. About a century since, the Seine changed its bed, and for several years the current kept close to the left bank, instead of running, as it now does again, along the right. This circumstance threw all the pilots and steersmen into no little perplexity, for they were obliged to study the river and its bed afresh, lest they should strike upon its many sandbanks, and precisely there where hitherto they had sailed in the greatest security. An old pilot of Tatouville, who had often risked his own life when there was a chance of saving the lives of others, resolved, when no longer able to direct the helm, not to relinquish his vocation to prevent disaster and to succour those who were in danger. And so he went every morning before dawn of day to the spot, perceptible from a great distance, on which that tree stands, and there he stayed till late at night. Watchful and unwearied, he called out to every skipper that passed, telling him how he ought to steer, and what dangerous spots he ought to avoid, and was thus a benefactor to thousands, till death at length summoned him from the humane duty which he had imposed upon himself. For a service so entirely disinterested, our times would probably have bestowed a big of red ribbon and a cross, and perhaps a paragraph in a newspaper, commendatory of the giver and the receiver: it might be, too, not so much as that, unless chance had conveyed the name of the man to the drawing-room of some minister. The grateful Normans chose a memorial of the Bonhomme de Tatouville, as the sailors call the old pilot, and a living one, which every year bears green leaves, and bright blossoms, and fair fruit. And then the people without ceremony made a saint of the good man of Tatouville, and conferred on him the gift of performing miracles, because in his lifetime he had rendered kind offices to his fellow-creatures. They relate concerning this tree, that, when the Bonhomme de Tatouville felt that the day was approaching on which death would call him from his post, he prayed to God to send him a successor; upon which the staff that supported the hoary seaman struck root in the ground, grew up, assumed the shape of the Bonhomme, and has from that time pointed the way to vessels in his stead. The tree was called after him Le Bonhomme de Tatouville, and it is venerated by the people like the shrine of a saint, and the communes of the whole country round contribute their quota for its protection and preservation, because, as we have observed, it is still the blooming and fruit-bearing guide and director of the navigator.

## INFLUENCE OF COLD ON LONGEVITY.

Cold climates appear to be favourable to longevity. In Norway, of 6927 who were buried in 1761, 63 had lived to the age of 100; and in Russia, out of 726,278 persons who died in 1801, 218 were 100 years of age, and 220 above it, of whom four are said to have been above 130 years old. In the diocese of Aggerhus, in Norway, there existed, in the year 1763, 150 couples who had lived together upwards of 80 years. Excessive cold, however, is prejudicial to long life: in Iceland and Siberia, men attain at the utmost to the ages only of 60 or 70. Temperate climates are, however, most conducive to health and long life. There the human frame is more complete, the body more vigorous, the mind best formed, the passions best regulated, and man in every respect reaches, when well governed, the highest degree of perfection. The districts of Arcadia, Etolia, and other parts of Greece, were celebrated for longevity. More old men are to be found in mountainous and elevated situations than in plains and low countries.—*Winslow, in Polytechnic Journal*.

## LAUGHTER.

No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad. How much lies in laughter—the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smile of others lies a cold glitter as of ice; the fewest are able to laugh what can be called laughing, but only sniffl and titter and snicker from the throat outwards, or at best produce some whiffing husky cackellation, as if they were laughing through wool; of none such comes good. The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.—*Carlyle*.

The present number of the Journal completes the tenth volume of the work, for which a title-page and copious index are prepared, and may be had on application to the Publishers or their Agents, at the usual price of a number. Any odd or past numbers of the Journal can also be had for the purpose of completing sets.

## END OF THE TENTH VOLUME.

